



THE WESLEYAN

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Ad Astra per Aspera

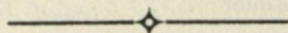
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Foreword

I have the world,—the world by youth imagined,

Mysterious and beautiful. For me

The world was made, and in it I shall find

Adventure

—Selected

The Adventure of Wagons to Wings in a Century

Mary Jean Chapman



OR hours, a million people had been standing on the lake front, talking after the free fashion of absolute strangers. Finally, someone with field glasses called, "There they come!"

The crowd took up the cry. Far on the horizon, we could see three black specks, then three more, until twenty-four came into view. General Balbo and his Italian armada had come.

Soon the great squadron of silver planes passed overhead, circled the city and began to land in threes in the bay. Above, the American escort planes, fifty or more in number, flew in formation, spelling the word Italy.

It was a truly heart-stirring moment. It seemed as if the eyes of a little swarthy Italian man standing near us would pop out, as he kept cheering, "Viva Italia! Viva Italia!" This was the greatest thrill of our trip to Chicago and the Century of Progress Exposition.

Our first glimpse of the Fair foretold adventure—the gaudy colors, the strange architecture, the different races we could see meeting on a common ground of wonder at the miracles of science. And, above all, we seemed to feel a breathless eagerness and excitement everywhere.

Crowds, hurrying, laughing, jostling, caught one in their flow. Little wheel-chairs, manned by five hundred picked athletes from all the colleges in the United States, were skillfully maneuvered through the throngs. Cries of hawkers, and music from the numerous amplifiers, mingled with the tongues of the nations.

The pavilions of the various countries were filled with strange, beautiful, and interesting exhibits. Girls from each nation showed exquisite laces, glassware, linens, jewelry, and other things.

The Hall of Science was like being taken to the top of a hill and being shown all the world and what man has done to change and adapt it to his needs. In the great center lobby were seen two spheres, one hanging in the air, and one on the floor. The aluminum-looking one, bruised, was the gondola of the balloon in which Professor Auguste Piccard ascended over ten miles into the stratosphere. The globe on the floor, was of iron, as thick as a man's wrist. In this "bathosphere," Dr. William Beebe made his famous scientific observation and photographs of marine life hundreds of feet below the sea.

On the ground floor, we saw, among other things, the transparent man, one of only two in the world. Made of celon, a colorless substance, he required many months of painstaking effort to build. As a lecturer named and explained each organ, it became lighted, until at length, all the internal organs were lighted.

In the Hall of Religion, the most thrilling exhibits were the Chalice of Antioch, an early Christian relic, and a mother-of-pearl miniature of the painting, "The Last Supper."

The old Gutenberger press, on which the first printing was ever done, still in operation, was in the General Exhibits Group. There, too, we saw a famous diamond exhibition. Two big diamonds, a white and a yellow, were shown in a specially designed case.

The gems lay on the top of a safe, enclosed by inch-thick glass. Should anyone have struck this case, the diamonds would have dropped into the safe below, and tear-gas bombs would have been released in the room. Before the would-be thief could have fled, detectives, always nearby, would have seized him.

Replicas of the crowns of Europe, in-

cluding those of Napoleon and Josephine, were on display. An artificial diamond mine had been constructed, and African natives showed the processes of mining.

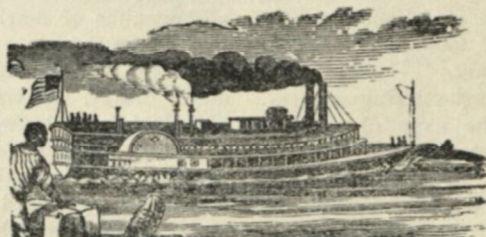
From the hurry and bustle of today, we were whisked back to China of the seventeenth century in the Temple of Jehol. Its gold-leaf roof was supported by red-laquer columns. Inside were Buddhas, prayer wheels, incense-burners, masks, and temple bells for calling the faithful to worship. A young Chinese student in the robes of a priest, told of the old customs and ceremonies.

Another turning back of the pages of history occurred in the Belgian Village, a replica of an old Belgian town. Hilly,

cobbled streets, a cathedral, little shops, milk carts drawn by great dogs, wooden shoes and costumes of years ago, gave the thrill of romance and travel.

The Sky-Ride was certainly the ride of a century. Frankly, we were never so scared! To tour the city was glorious exploration. The museums were another sort of adventure. Best known of the splendid display at the Art Exhibit, was Whistler's "Portrait of the Artist's Mother."

A boat trip, visits to the big store, the theaters, and night clubs rounded out our adventure of 1933—quite different from that of Chicago's pioneers one hundred years ago.



THE GREAT ADVENTURE

*From dizzy height I view the sea.
Endless,—eternal. And at my feet
A cup of blue, where rock my ships.
How fragile from afar!
Alas,—those toy ships,—
Must they bear me all the voyage?
Yes, I am faint.
For I know that when I embark,
There will be no return to my height
Except alone,—folded
In the wings of a dream.*

—Nelle Edwards.

Wings of a Morning

Margaret Godley

"Give the general some dry clothes."

A dirty face looked in the kitchen door.

"Lanie, these clothes have done got wet up."

The dirty face came into the kitchen with a black and white dog following close behind. A small boy by the name of Bill stood by a fat negro woman who was sitting in a chair with a bowl in her lap.

"What you and that pups dog doing now?" She went on with her stirring and mixing.

"We been warring Leo—pups and me. Tom Mix an' Tony an' King Arthur an' N'polyun 'uz on our side. We had about 'leven swords and eight pistols, and twenty or thirteen machine guns."

"Was Uncle Walt there?" interrupted Lanie.

"Naw—he was out in California to see Tom Mix, and the Indians killed him. Tom Mix tol' him not to trus' Indians. Settin' Bull and Big-Chief-Rain-In-The-Face got him," he ended with a sigh—as if to say, "And that's all of that." For weeks, Bill had been talking about an imaginary uncle. The incredible "Unca Walt" had amused Lanie, and she never missed an opportunity to have Bill talk about him. But Bill had gotten tired of "Unca Walt" and had done everything to get rid of him. He had sent him off on trips and even had him lost in the mountains. Finally, he decided to kill him.

"What you making?" A finger went around the edge of the bowl.

"Cake, honey. Don't eat it like that. It's not cooked yet."

"Sure," the finger went around the bowl again, "that's the best way."

"Why honey, that's nothing but jes' lard and flour and eggs and sugar."

Lanie got out of her chair to light the oven,

"Who won the war?"

"Tom Mix an' me. We all the time beat Leo . . . 'cause you see, Catholics can't ever beat Methodists . . . nobody 'cept Jews. They were the only people that could kill Jesus . . . Catholics couldn't."

Bill climbed into the chair while Lanie poured the cake into the pans.

"When people die, do they get wings?"

"Sho, honey, I 'spoze they do."

"Jesus got 'em, didn't he,"

"I reckon."

"How do they get 'em?"

"Well . . . you see," Lanie stopped her work a minute, "every time they be good their wings grow. Bein' good makes their wings grow same way milk makes you grow. And every time they be bad horns grow. And if they're bad more'n they're good, they gets horns steada' wings."

"'Spoze they don't be bad more'n they're good . . . 'spoze they're bad and good. Will they get horns and wings? When you go to war you could butt people with horns and if they 'most get you . . . you c'n fly away. Would you get both, Lanie, would you?"

"No . . . then you wouldn't get either."

"If I be good, will I get wings?"

"Sho . . . sho you will. 'Spoze you drink a glass of milk now and see if you can feel 'em sprout."

She handed him a glass of milk and some cookies.

"Honey . . . we 'most forgot the general's clothes. How'd you get wet up like that?"

"Well . . . you see . . . Leo was about to win the war, an' Tom Mix tol' me to jump on Tony quick and go get N'polyun 'n King Arthur. Tony went jus' as fast. 'N by the time we had swimm'd across the ocean, I jus' had to get wet . . . don't-cha see?"

Lanie shook her head.

"Uh-huh sho' I see."

"Whatcha making cake for?"

"This cake is for supper. Yo mama very 'specially wanted a chocolate cake for supper. Run go get your cowboy suit an' les' put it on 'fore yo' mama finds you with the plural pneumonia."

The wet clothes were drying, and Bill was scraping the cake bowl.

"Does everybody have white wings?"

"I don't know, honey, . . . why?"

"I might like some white ones, but I b'lieve I want lavender and green and maybe light brown. When I get 'em, I think I'll go see God and Jesus 'n then go have a race with the birds." He was quiet a minute. "Lanie, if I be extra 'speshly good, how much wings will I have by tonight?"

"Lawsy, chile," she laughed, "I don't know. "Spoze you be good so we can see."

Bill sat in his chair watching her. Then he picked up the bowl and put some water in it. He looked around the kitchen and put all the dirty spoons he could find in the bowl.

"Lanie," he said very sweetly, "would you please give me a glass of milk?"

Lanie stopped and looked at him.

"You reckon you kin hol' it?"

"Yeah . . . I'm gonna drink lotsa milk."

He drank the milk and started out of the kitchen.

"C'mon, pups. You might bother Lanie."

He stopped in the sitting room and picked up his toys from the middle of the floor. Then he went to Leo's house and asked him if he wanted to play with his fire truck on the beach. Leo was a little surprised, but he didn't let the opportunity pass. The tide was low, and Bill wanted to catch minnows in the little pools up and down the beach. He jumped down off the sand dune and ran toward the water. A sea gull flapped its wings overhead. He looked down at the dry clothes and slowly turned and walked back. Leo was still playing with the fire truck. Bill heard the dinner bell

and got up to go. Leo looked up in surprise.

"What you goin' for? Why don't you wait 'til they come get you?"

"Maybe I'm hungry. You c'n keep my fire truck a little while if you want to."

And Bill ran up to the house leaving a very much astonished Leo. As he started up the back stps, he saw his clothes hanging on the clothes line. He stopped and took them down.

"Here, Lanie, I brought these in for you."

The corners of her mouth were twitching.

"Thank you, honey."

At the table, Bill ate what was given him and spoke when he was spoken to. Mrs. Gordon wondered a little, and Lanie was certain that his face was taking on an angelic expression.

After dinner, Mrs. Gordon was bathing Bill.

"Mother," he said, "Les' put on my weddin' suit and lemme go see Miss Williams."

Bill had been playing with the preacher's children one afternoon when a couple had come to be married. It was the first marriage ceremony that Bill had ever seen, and ever since the suit he had had on was his "weddin' suit."

Miss Williams lived farther up the beach. She wrote children's stories and lived alone. Bill loved to go there. The house was full of little nooks and corners to surprise him, and he was certain that the fairies lived there. But the garden behind the house was what enchanted him more than anything. There were walks that wound about under the trees with rabbits on the ground and birds and squirrels on the trees. They were artificial, but Bill just knew that at midnight the fairies made them real. The best walk was "Gander Walk." Little dwarfs peeped from behind the trees, and there was a goldfish pool at the end of it with a wishing bench.

The last thing Bill heard as he and Pups ran across the sand dunes was,

"Don't stay too long and *don't* get wet."

Miss Williams was on the porch when Bill and Wups arrived.

"Hello, sonny. I thought that you and Wups would be coming to see me soon. I made some cookies this morning."

Wups was jumping up on Miss Williams and wagging from the nose on back.

"Goodie. Are they little brownies?" Bill thought that Miss Williams was quite a cookie maker.

"Come on in and let's try some."

"Tell us a story. Pups likes your stories." Bill drank lemonade and ate little brownies while Miss Williams told him about lavender elephants in the land of yellow sunshine where the sugar plums grow.

"Now finish that one you were telling me about King Arthur when Mother came to get me that time."

Miss Williams told him about "Excalibur" and the Round Table and ended with Holy Grail. She put it in such childish language that Bill was completely carried away.

"Why did only Sir Gala see Jesus' cup?"

"Because he was the best knight. But his name is Sir Galahad."

"Yeah . . . but we don't call him that. You don't call me Bill Norwood Gordon. You call me Bill Gordon, but 'most usuly just Bill, so we're just spozed to call him Sir Gala."

Miss Williams smiled. "Oh, I see."

Bill and Pups went ont to see "Gander Walk" and Bill used up all the wishes he could think of. He sat on the stone bench, closed his eyes, and wished very hard. A leaf fell from the tree into his lap. Bill thought that the fairies had sent it. He ran back to tell Miss Williams that he'd better be going home so his wishes wouldn't come true before he got there and if he were late for supper, they might not come true.

When he'd walked a little way, Bill decided that it was not as late as he had thought that it was and that he and pups could play a little while. He looked at

the water and wondered if it wouldn't be nice to wade some. He thought a minute. That couldn't possibly hurt his wings . . . and besides, if he were too good he might get two pairs and then he couldn't fly so well. He wouldn't take any chances. He took his shoes and socks off and put them on one of the little islands left on the beach by the tide. Then he raced pups up and down the sand dunes. The sun was going down.

"C'mon, pups. We gotta hurry 'fore we're late to supper."

He ran down to the beach to get his shoes. The tide was coming in, and some of the little islands were already covered.

"Wups . . . 'spoze I done lost my shoes."

All Wups could do was bark. Bill saw a dark object out in the water. The waves were going out to sea again, and he thought that he could get there before the tide carried it out. Maybe it would be his shoes.

"C'mon, Wups. We jus' gotta hurry. 'Spoze the fishes got my shoes."

They waded out a little way . . . Wups running ahead a little way and then going back to Bill. All the while he was whining. The sun had just gone down, and it was getting dark. From down at the pier, Bill could see the light from the lighthouse. Wups jumped up on him and tried to push him back.

"Get down, Wups. I sho' do wish Cap'n Sam'd shine his light over here."

The waves were getting higher. Bill was almost knocked off his feet. The dark object had disappeared.

"Gee . . . Wups, you spoze we'll ever get home?"

Just before sundown, Mrs. Gordon looked out the window toward the beach.

"Lanie, the tide is going to be high tonight. Bill ought to be here soon. He never stays out this late."

Lanie went about her work preparing supper. Finally, she put the chocolate cake on the table. She smiled to herself as she thought how Bill would like the cake. She saw Mr. Gordon drive up in the yard, and for the first time realized how late it was. Mrs. Gordon had walked

down to Miss Williams' looking for Bill and found that he had left two hours before. Soon she saw Lanie and Mr. Gordon coming. Up and down the beach they went calling and searching. But all they heard was their voices dying away against the roar of the ocean. Every now and then, the beacon light from a neighboring island flashed across the sky only to make the darkness darker. Out at sea, the bell buoy tolled its mournful warning, and the white capped waves grinned in the darkness. Mrs. Gordon's breath became short . . . her throat was dry. With a hoarse voice, she said to her husband,

"Call again. Maybe Wups will hear you."

In the dark, she stumbled over something. It was a pair of shoes with a pair of yellow socks to match the "weddin' suit." The bell buoy tolled again. The dry sobs caught in her throat. Then her eyes filled with tears. She hugged the little shoes to her. The waves broke at her feet and withdrew again. The water was getting deeper

all the time. They had gotten near the house again, and without their notice, two small figures crept over the sand dunes. One of them held its head low and its ears back. The other very hesitatingly said,

"Mother." But the wind carried his voice in the opposite direction.

Maybe she would be mad with him. Something touched Mrs. Gordon and she heard.

"Mother, I'm hun . . ."

She dropped the shoes and falling on her knees in the sand clasped a very small boy and a wet sandy dog to her.

"You little angel!"

Bill wondered a minute. Maybe she wasn't mad with him, and he would get some of Lanie's chocolate cake. Over her shoulder, he saw Lanie and his daddy coming. Maybe they weren't mad either. And his wings? . . . But Mother had called him an angel. Lanie and Daddy saw him now.

Before they could say anything, he looked up at Lanie,

"I will get wings, won't I?"



MOON MAIDEN

*There was moon mist in her eyes
And the wind was in her hair
And the silvery note of her glorious
laugh
Floated everywhere.*

*She drifted down from the clouds one
night—
Came down on a pale moon beam,
To kiss each dew dipped rose there was
And bathe in a silvery stream.*

—Harriet Campbell.

Yellow River

By Rietta Bailey

*Slowly, yellowly the river flows
On past the bend and beyond;
Like a great wide snake soundlessly
slipping,
Slinking down to the sea.
Thick yellow water with never a ripple,
Deep yellow water with never a song,
Great wide snake with eyes slit for seeing
Only the slow sly slither to the sea.
Trees grown tall with ugliness in watching it,
Hardened by time, too long standing
while it flowed,
Frail young grasses creep fearfully
away from it,
Pale with the murky yellow shadows
from its flow.
Great strong rocks lie mute with horror
Slowly bathed away by the steady yellow
flow,
Heaven looks down on a thing God created,
Covers it with curses, that the world
may know
That the devil with his fangs got into
the water,
And the slow sly slither is his slipping
to the sea.*

*High on the bank, she is watching the
water.
Alone on the bank sees it slip to the sea.
Far on the bank feels it flow with her
seeing,
Safe on the bank feels it slip into her
soul.*

*Alone on the bank watching for his
black body.
High on the bank she stands, her heart
dead within her,
Looking on the slow slinking snake below.
Strait on the bank sees the flow of
the water,*

*Murky water flowing over his strong
brown body,
Sleek yellow water slipping to the sea.
High on the bank feels his dead eyes
seek her,
Dim with the dark, deep flow to the sea.
Alone on the bank, hears his low voice
call her
Dead with the silent slither of the
river,
Quiet on the bank feels his heart beat
strongly,
Slowed by the soft sly slipping to the
sea.*

*Deeply the dark drops downward on the
river,
Dimming the yellow, but stopping not
the flow.
Fearfully the night falls on the flowing
river,
Hiding nothing, yet covering all.
High on the shore black bodies are rocking,
Reeling, reeking with hollow howls for
the dead.
Sharp through the shadows their shrieks
Are splitting the shroud of the silent
slithering snake.
Far on the bank flame's fingers are
flinging
Flares at the foul unfeeling flow.
Wild they whirl with wails and weeping,
Madder, they move with moans unmeaning,
Never look down to the yellow river
Never hear the silent flow.*

*High on the bank she's watching the
water
Alone on the bank, sees it slip to the
sea.
Far on the bank feels it flow with her
seeing,
Sure of it, slipping into her soul.*

Down from the bank, her heart alive
 within her,
 On toward the sly, slinking snake below.
 On past trees grown tall in ugliness,
 Over frail grasses creeping from the
 flow.
 Down by the great strong rocks mitte
 with horror,
 Down by the low lapping of the flow.
 Close in the water hears his low voice
 call her,

Low with the flow comes the answer
 from her.
 Close in the water sees his dead eyes
 seek her,
 Feels hers go into the dimness of the
 flow.
 Deep in the water feels his heart beat
 strongly,
 Hers beats wanly, slowed by the flow.

Slowly, yellowly, the river flows,
 On past the bend and beyond.



LURE OF A SUMMER EVE

High, up in the cloud-laced sky
 I see a misty moon float by.
 And here and there a wary star
 Pricks through the veil to glow afar.
 On either hand a view I get
 Of massive trees, in silhouette.
 And on ahead, there winds the road
 In dusky, mystic, gypsy mode.

—Amy Cleckler.

HOME

The way soft radiance eludes the golden
 shade;
 The glimmer on the thick gray carpet,
 it has made;
 The shimer of brass andirons keeping
 guard
 O'er smouldering embers, crimson-
 barred;
 The needle-point upon the cricket-stool;
 The ancient silver, massive, cool;
 The distant lull of eager sea and foam,
 These help to make the haven I call home.

—Amy Cleckler.

Three Women

By Lora Solomon



GUESS I shouldn't just be sitting here in the same old place knitting on one of these endless pieces that never seem to get anywhere, just as if nothing had happened. There's something strangely still about the whole house as if a death had occurred. Now, to think about it, there really has been a death, an utter destroying of all Edith's hopes and plans for Cynthia. She's up there now sitting in the room in that low chair she used to rock Cynthia in when she was a tiny baby, with her hands folded in her lap making no move, no sound, only rocking slowly to and fro. She's facing utter defeat. I've tried to comfort her, telling her as she already well knew, that I'd been through the whole thing and that all that matters is the question of happiness. But it did no good. Edith only looked up at me at intervals with a dutiful "Yes, Mamma, what you're saying is true" as if I were a child to be subdued with agreement. So I left her alone to work it out for herself and came here to my own room, the one place in this whole vast house that I can be comfortable in. It's such a large house with endless libraries, music rooms, reception halls and morning rooms that I get mixed in calling them by the right names as well as in finding my way about. But Edith, somehow it's hard to believe that she, my daughter, is so sure of herself; nothing about the place terrifies her. A room seems to lose its vastness when she come in; she becomes the big thing.

I've tried to decide what it is about her that creates this impression. She's not large, but there's something stately about her. It's the way she looks; it's the air about her. To everyone here in the city she is the handsome Mrs. Sidney Shaffer the wife of the late wealthy Sidney Chaffer, whose journey to success

was so short and quick that it was really more of a pleasure trip than a journey. That's all they know about her except of course that she is the mother of one of the most attractive young girls in New York. Yes, everyone knows Cynthia. There's hardly a week that passes that the Times doesn't run some little personal about her; "Miss Cynthia Shaffer was seen at the Opera wearing a lovely gown of"—something or other. I can't remember the names of the stuff they make dresses out of now, but I vouch it was the prettiest, most expensive at the opera and that Cynthia looked lovelier in it than anyone else. I know I sound like a typical grandmother when I get to talking about Cynthia, but I can't help it. She's so pretty and sweet, and all this luxury her mother's been giving her from the time she had a French governess to this very day hasn't spoiled her one atom. Oh, I guess I've done my share toward spoiling her, but don't get it in your mind she's really spoiled. As I've said before, I just can't help it. Cyn teases me all the time. She'd come flying in my room between parties, and I'd be sitting right here in this chair knitting away. She'd say, "Put that stuff up, Lucy. (She never would call me grandmother, or Edith, mother). It looks like you're trying so hard to be a grandmother, and that's your way of proving it." How could you be serious with a child like that?

But it was different with her and Edith. Edith took everything she did, said, or thought so seriously. I don't mean she was a stern sort of mother. It was just the fact that she literally worshipped Cynthia. The child was her very life; I found that out just as soon as I came here to live right after Sidney, Edith's husband, died. We had a long talk about the child then. It started off with Edith's telling me all about her

married life. It was the first time she had ever mentioned that part of her life with Sidney to me. She never had seemed to want to talk before, and I have always made it a principle with myself never to pry into peoples' affairs, especially my daughter's. The mere fact that she is my daughter doesn't give me leeway to sail into her personal affairs, and when she seemed reluctant to talk things over with me, I let the judgment rest with her. But she seemed to want to talk then; so I was ready to listen. What I heard almost caused me to have one of my frequent attacks, so great was the shock. But I didn't show a sign of it. I think I didn't even change my expression. She talked for hours really. She started off by saying that her married life had been a horrible mistake almost from the beginning. That was the first shock. She made me feel that it was all my fault.

You see, it's a long story, but it's short, too. Sidney Shaffer came to our town one summer and met Edith. Edith always had been a quiet, easy-going sort of person, but when she met Sidney, she changed. It was, and everybody said so, a question of love at first sight. I liked Sidney, myself; he was a fine sort of boy. But that's all the thought I gave the whole matter. Then one day—I'll never forget it if I live to be a hundred years old—Edith came calmly into the house and told me she and Sidney had gotten married. I can see that scene now. John, her father, was already sitting at the supper table, and I was bringing in a pitcher of milk. I stood perfectly still while Edith was telling us. Then a loud noise seemed to bring me to my senses, and the milk pitcher lay on the floor in a million pieces while milk was spattered all over the room. I don't know what made me drop that pitcher. John seemed to lose all power of reasoning. He talked terribly to her about running away and getting married like a common hussy. I couldn't stand to hear it; so I sent Edith to her room until I could calm John.

When Edith came back, John was as changed as it is possible for a man to be. Often afterwards she asked me what I

had said to her father, but I've never let my secret out. Why, I've kept it from her all my life—why I don't know. It's not that I am ashamed, but it just seemed better not to tell it. I was sick of gossip and people's idle talk; so I kept it to myself. You see, it was that I ran away and married John. It all happened when we were living on a farm. John came there, just as a hired man—a young boy, not knowing anything about a farm. I felt from the very beginning that he was of better stuff than the usual man of that sort. He would never stay around and talk with the rest of the hired help but would go off by himself. Often at night I've gone by the house where he had a room, and there'd be a lamp burning. I knew without questioning that he had a book and would sit up reading all night. Even my father with his mighty, aristocratic ideas noticed John. He often would comment on his quickness and obvious brightness. Things happened too fast then to even let me stop to think what was happening until one night I slipped out under the pretense of going to the stable to see about my sick mare. John and I eloped. I left a note for Mother pinned on the pin cushion—I remember that I had read of that in a book the week before—telling her that I had gone and asking her to forgive me and to explain to Papa.

Even now I shudder to think of Papa's raging and Mother's suffering. Yet, I've never regretted it for one minute. Even the day that I met Miss Lizzie Hightower in town and she cut me openly—even that didn't make me weaken, though it did make me do some pretty stiff thinking for a few minutes; it hurt. But I loved John Branan; I was his wife; that was all that really mattered to me in the world. The fact that John was a hand on Father's farm and that we eloped left us—and particularly John—doubly open to criticism. So after we came into town and John opened the store, we agreed never to mention the past. Edith has never even suspected it once in her whole life.

So you see all I had to do was to tell John that he was simply re-enacting the role of my own father. I reminded him, too, of the noble speeches he had made when Edith was born. The fact that father and mother wouldn't come to see the baby was like rubbing salt in old wounds, and I think John never forgave them for that. He vowed that night that whatever man in the world his own daughter picked out, she would be free to marry so long as he was clean and decent. But men are funny creatures; John had made a little money in the store, and could almost be called a successful business man. That made him feel that no man was good enough for his daughter—especially one who would allow her to marry without his knowledge.

That's all ancient history now. And here was Edith telling me that her married life had been a failure. I wanted to speak but I knew that nothing I could say would matter to her then. She blamed her running away with the first man who showed her attention on my not allowing her to have a young ladyhood. She told me that the only thing that made life bearable for her in the routine that she had had to follow was Cynthia. She said then that her one prayer to God was a thankful one that Sidney had been successful and had become a wealthy man. She vowed that she would use the money—every cent of it, if necessary—to protect Cynthia from making the same mistake that she had made. Cynthia should have everything that money could buy and that love could give. Every opportunity to have a brilliant young ladyhood was to be hers. Her whole life has been spent in carrying out those plans since that day, and Cyn was only a tiny girl then—four years old, I think. I've catered to French tutors, German music teachers, Spanish dancing teachers until I know that I should feel perfectly at home in the League of Nations. Edith's one thought was that the child should have the best of everything.

And now tonight, we came home from

the opera, and Edith as usual went to Cynthia's room to tell her good-night. I was in my room undressing when I heard a scream. It was so awful that it stunned me—I think I never heard but one other like it, and that was long ago when a negro woman on our place came from town one day and found her tiny baby burned to death. There was something more animal-like than human in that cry. Hers were the screams of an animal robbed of her young. Somehow I got into Cynthia's room. She was sitting in a low rocker just as if nothing had happened. My heart stopped beating with relief; I was weak. I had almost expected to find her dead. Then she looked up into my face, and the fear returned. Her eyes were like coals when the flame is gone. She handed me a note; all the old memories came back in a flood. It was a harmless looking thing written on Cynthia's pale blue engraved note paper. There were only a few words scrawled in Cynthia's childish handwriting. "Edith, you sweet, I've gone with Tommy to be married. Tell Lucy that she's the only one in the family to escape an exciting marriage, so not to be jealous. Really, darling, don't take it too hard." That was all.

As I've said before I tried to comfort Edith, but this is one thing she'll have to face alone. It's like trying to soothe a stone.

I'm not worried one bit. You could almost say I am happy. Cynthia's got plenty of sense—as much as her mother or I either one have. Tommy's just as fine as she is. They'll make it work out. Maybe I'm just a romantic old fool, but I'm glad she did it. She never would have broken away from Edith otherwise.

It brings back to me now so clearly the moonlight night when I left with John, and the night Edith left. We are three women, now, bound closer by a common tie. She couldn't help it any more than I or Edith who repented later. It's something we Stetsons have in the blood.

Struggle

Elizabeth Moseley



HE was going to drown; he knew that. He had known it was inevitable ever since he left the shore and swam with firm, sure strokes out into the deep. The sea was calling him, and there was something within him that made it impossible for him to ignore that call.

His father had heard it . . . and he had answered it. This same cool, green, foaming sea had held his father in its clear depths for fifteen years now. He could remember the warm afternoon when he and his mother watched him, resignedly and calmly, go down.

Death was so alluring . . . so full of a promise of peace. He was not afraid of dying. All would be over, and there need be no struggle for bread or anything. He could rest and dream forever.

He went under for the first time. Seaweeds floated in a friendly fashion around him, and fish seemed no longer wary of his presence. It would be like that; he would be one of them.

Fish! That was what Doug had called him. Yes, he remembered it now. They had been sitting on the beach . . . he and Doug and Marian. He loved Marian . . . but she loved Doug. She had told him so frankly. He could hear her plainly, "Of course, I do love you, Tom," and his heart had beat wildly with hope as her clear, firm voice continued, "but I am in love with Doug. We are going to be married in the fall. You and I will always be the best of friends, though, won't we, Tom?" Oh, yes, they'd be friends, all right. . . . But his mind was wandering. Doug had called him a fish that afternoon on the beach. "Why, you poor fish," Doug said, "surely you don't believe." He had forgotten what he didn't believe, but that didn't matter. The fact remained that Doug had called him a fish. . . . a sucker.

And as he had swum out he had seen Doug turn and speak to Marian; then they had both looked out at him pityingly. He was not to be pitied. That was what hurt most. People always looked at him oddly, as though he were queer, perhaps even insane. He was no idiot . . . no numbskull. He'd show them; he'd show them that he was not the fool that everyone said he was. Why he had brains. He was afraid; that was all. He was afraid of life . . . of people . . . of the jeers that he had known since he was a small boy selling fish in the streets of the little village. Life hadn't been fair to him; it had started defying him early, and he had snapped under its defiance. But he could have been so different if his mother had not been dependent on him since his father's death. If he had had a chance. . . .

Mother had not been fair. That was the trouble. She had been demanding . . . wanting small luxuries to which she was accustomed because of her illness. It was her fault that he had not done anything . . . that people thought him crazy. He hated her. Why should he have had an invalid for a mother? Why had she brought him into the world if it had to be like this . . . if she were to be ill all of the time?

Maybe she had enjoyed seeing him break under the strain and was glad people had jeered at him . . . and called him crazy. . . .

No, no, no! It was not like that. Maybe he was crazy; he must be to feel that way. Why, Mother was the best friend he had, and he loved her . . . poor, sick mother who wanted his father so much. She had tried to soothe his fears back in the old days when people had made fun of him . . . and she had looked after the bruises made by the stones, cans, and pieces of iron that they had thrown. It

was his own fault; he had failed her.

He would show her what he could do. He would make her proud of him. He would be what father would want him to be . . . and he would take care of her . . . just as father had told him he must. Poor fish, was he? They would see.

But . . . he was drowning. He was going to die. He could not show anybody anything because he would be dead. He did not want to die; he had to live. He wanted to live no matter what torments there were. He was not afraid of life. He was afraid of this turbulent, swirling body of water. He would not drown; he could not. He would fight it hard . . . like he had never fought anything before. He hated, hated, hated the sea. It had taken his father. It could not have him; he would show it.

He came struggling, gasping up to the surface of the water. He tried to swim to the shore, but land seemed millions of miles away. His efforts were as feeble as though one small star tried to shine in the noonday sun. He fought blindly . . . and then in one clear flash of light he saw the beach and Doug and Marian together . . . unconscious of him and his tremendous struggle. The sea held him in its grasp more firmly and caught him to her.

Then he went under again . . . exhausted. It did not matter; the sea was warm, and it wove a dream of peace about his tired, spent body. He was not afraid to die. He would find peace . . . happiness . . . and love.

Vanessa

By Harriet Campbell



ERHAPS one has to love Walpole and everything he has written before one can fully appreciate his latest book, "Vanessa." It is the last and fourth novel in his series of the Herries, a British family that is unusual in its wide assortment of rebel, rogue, or gypsy-minded members.

The book opens with the celebration of Judith Paris' hundredth birthday. On this occasion, Vanessa is introduced. Vanessa, sturdy grand-daughter of Judith Paris, born out of wedlock, is the kind of woman whose devotion to a few people shapes her life and character. She gives her unfaltering love to Benjie, the last of the Herries rebels, who, from any conventional standards, is a bad lot. He is betrothed to her, but just before their marriage, he, in the gesture of at least one of the Herries from every generation, goes suddenly off on a wild carousal and marries a woman below his class. During the remainder of his life and Vanessa's, their love for one another is a deep undercurrent of loyalty and renunciation, except for the few years of their lives when they live together, acknowledging their love, even though their relations are outside the law.

This is one of Walpole's strongest books, both in respect to the treatment of his characters and to the finely interwoven history of England.



Adventures in "Swank Verse"

PARODY ON ROSETTI'S "SISTER HELEN"

By Elizabeth Baldwin

"Why did you black your flaxen hair,
Sister Helen?

With mother at home, you took a dare."

"For the dance tonight she won't care,
Little Brother."

(O, Mother, Mary Mother,
A golden-glinted head, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"Why must you powder your nose so
fair, Sister Helen?

You'll look like a ghost and give people
a scare."

"The freckles to hide—else I'd despair,
Little brother."

O, Mother, Mary Mother,
Powder's a help, between Hell and Hea-
ven!)

"You skillfully painted your cupid's-bow,
Sister Helen.

It makes your teeth look whiter than
snow."

"Soft lips encourage sweet words to flow,
Little Brother."

(O, Mother, Mary Mother,
What have we here, between Hell and
Heaven?)

"Are you curling your lashes with that
thing I see, Sister Helen?

Gosh—it makes me as jumpy as a flea!"

"One swoop of the lashes—an invite to
tea, Little Brother."

(O, Mother, Mary Mother,
A frank gold-digger, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"If you wear that pink lace, you'll look
a mess, Sister Helen.

It's more like a handkerchief than a
dress."

It serves the purpose to make them con-
fess, Little Brother."

(O, Mother, Mary Mother,

The styles do leap, between hell and
Heaven!)

"Why must you stick on that beauty
spot, Sister Helen?

The fellows will think you are awfully
hot!"

"Maybe they will, but I'm not a sot,
Little Brother."

(O, Mother, Mary Mother,
What is next, between Hell and Hea-
ven?)

"Huh,—so your cap is set for that
millionaire ducker, Sister
Helen?

Mark my word, he's only a sucker."

"Don't be so mean, you make my lips
pucker, Little Brother."

(O, Mother, Mary Mother,
What scheme is this, between Hell and
Heaven?)

"You'll drive me 'nuts,' or else to tears,
Sister Helen.

Why put the perfume on your ears?"

"To scent the whispers one often hears,
Little Brother."

(O, Mother, Mary Mother,
How sweet she smells, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"The sky is alight with a lover's moon,
Sister Helen.

"It'll go to waste on that old goon!"

"It may inspire a proposal soon, Little
Brother."

(O, Mother, Mary Mother,
It won't be long now, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"His footsteps now—there goes the bell,
Sister Helen.

There's plenty to him I'd like to tell."

"Run answer the door—and please act
well, Little Brother."

(O, Mother, Mary Mother,
There is plenty in store, between Hell
and Heaven!)

A PARODY ON "THE WIFE OF
USHER'S WELL".

By Alice Cook

*There lived a wife in Boston town
Who had fair daughters three.
She sent them all to college for
To educated be.*

*With many a sigh and many a tear
She sent them all away.
They promised her that they'd be back
Before so many a day.*

*They hadn't been a week from her,
A week but barely one,
When her eldest and most trusted child
Eloped with a gangster's son.*

*"She's gone for ever and ever," she cried,
For yes, quite well she knew,
What had one sweet time been three
We're now but only two.*

*It hadn't been a week from that,
Scarcely a single week,
When the most dreadful news leaked
out,
As news alone will leak.*

*This told the tale of daughter two,
Who left in a taxicab,
After, they say, a dreadful day
In a long Physics lab.*

*"Now there is only one," said she,
"Only one left, you see,
There is only one dear daughter mine
Where lately there were three."*

*It hadn't been a week from that,
A week had scarcely passed
When of her daughters three, she heard,
Of one—the very last.*

*Who went away before the dawn
In the dead of darkest night,
Silently, with the nightwatchman,
And with a big flash-light.*

*"I have no luck, I have no life,
Ah, all is gone for me,
For now,—oh now, 'tis surely none
Where once was fully three."*

*It hadn't been a week from that,
A week had scarcely sped,
When six in place of three she had,
And again "Oh dear," she said.*

ODE ON A CIGARETTE

(No relation to a certain Gold Urn).

By Betty Stayer

*Thou white slim cylinder, thou coffin
nail,
Thou wild and toasted lure to all man-
kind,
Master of reverie, which doth so entail
A soothing power the devil has assigned:
What more of satisfaction is within the
sphere—
Non-fat'tning, too, and thus are heard
the cries:
"Why eat and suffer pound with tear
And struggle to stay slim? Take this,
it satisfies!"
What else to say? Why judge them, thou
severe?
Like these, religion never has been cheer.*

*Reality is hard, but seen in cloud,
Is softer; therefore ye kind ones, smoke
all;
Not with a harsh, effect, but, so endowed,
Bring kindness to the throat, for thou
alone,
Ripe essence from the South with
Turkey's blend,
So wild, oh not as Nature in the raw,
But toasted—ever, ever, have regard
For Adam's apple's health—who ever
saw
A single cough, though thou has seen
no end
Of carloads? Only dreams, and heavens
starred.*

*Ah, happy, happy source to bring to men
Surcease, and nonchalance to faces red;
Ah, wreathes of acrid mist, could you
be ken
That you are stronger far than hempen
thread
That tangles men and knots them in your
spell,
Bereft of reason, panting after smoke,
That cools the nostrils and inspires a
smile—
That's full of fellow feeling for all folk—
That shows the world this moment all
is well.
My soul, I have none! Well I'll walk a
mile.*

LITTLE NELL

A Parody on "The Nutbrown Mayde"

By Jacqueline of Chambers

The sheiks today, who now hold sway,
 Will say most earnestly
 That any man we want, we plan
 To humble cruelly.
 They say also that we're so low
 That we'd most shamefully
 Try luring him from his lovely femme
 To see how skillfully
 We'd make him our, display our pow'rs,
 And prove to him we can
 Cut the lines, then from our minds
 He is a banished man.

We say, "You're nerts!"—Yet though it
 hurts,
 It's fun to see them fall
 Just as we dreamed and hoped and
 schemed,
 And tumble, all pell-mell.
 But nevertheless, one stood the test,
 And this was Little Nell.
 I beg of you, be the lassie true,
 I'll be her man and tell
 How far I came to bear my shame
 As gently as I can,
 Saying, "Alas! you see what's come to
 pass;
 I am a banished man."

HE

The deed I've done, my lovely one,
 Will put me in disgrace.
 I must be gone before the dawn.
 I cannot show my face,
 And make, I pray, a get-a-way,
 And leave no sign or trace.
 I can't deceive, I hate to leave
 Without one fond embrace.
 Kiss me good-bye, else I will die
 Before I leave this land,
 For I must go to Mexico,
 Alone,—a banished man.

NELL

What is this thing that makes you bring
 Such sorrow to my heart?

For I must know before you go
 Why we two have to part.
 I care not, dear, what 'tis you fear,
 Just so we're not apart.
 Let's go to Aiken, lest I be forsaken.
 Together we'll depart.
 They'll never tell that little Nell
 Made any man bemoan,
 For in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

HE

To Aiken, no! we cannot go,
 For I'm not in your class.
 Your father's wealth—I've just got
 health—
 Is infinite and vast.
 I must confess, I love you less
 Than I have in the past.
 I've another woman, I'm only human.
 I'm bound to her, alas!
 You'll soon forget we ever met,
 With the love of another man.
 For I must go to Mexico,
 Alone, a banished man.

NELL

Tho' your income's small, and I have all,
 I love you just the same.
 We'll ditch the police, find bliss and
 peace,
 Say "Scram!" to the other dame.
 We'll find an abode that we can afford,
 Why care if others blame?
 My love is great, you are my mate,
 To be your wife's my aim.
 For in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

HE

I realize you are a prize,
 And not like all the rest.
 I lied to you to prove you're true,
 And you have passed the test.
 I love no other, but my mother,
 The other was a jest.
 So pack your grip, we'll take a trip.
 Don't get the plans all mess'd!
 We'll leave Macon, go to Aiken
 And get a preacher man.
 I will not go to Mexico;
 I am no banished man!

A PARODY ON "COMPLEYNT OF
CHAUCER TO HIS PURSE"

By Milton Dickens

To you, my Pa, and to no other one
Complain I, for you are my father
dear!

But now it is three weeks since I've been
gone,
And I am broke; do I make myself
clear?
It's all because the "Pharm" is just
too near.

And so I'm writing to you for a check—
Please send it to me, else I'll starve, by
heck!

You'll get this by tomorrow or next
day,—

Please try to answer in the Friday
mail,

Because I need the money—don't delay;
So get it here by Monday without
fail.

I need it, Pa! Need all that you will
mail!

I have not thrown it all away on food—
But dopes and hot-dogs—gee! but they
taste good!

Now Pa, please don't refuse to send the
dough,

For I must buy a dress for our class
prom,—

I can't wear my old taffeta, you know;
Unless I get a new one, I can't go.

I'm going to a football game with Joe,
And so, you see, I'll need a new outfit,
'Cause I like Joe and want to make a hit!



EXCHANGES

There are, as yet, no exchanges for this year. We are particularly anxious to have some good exchanges so that Mr. Harry Stillwell Edwards, Georgia writer, can recognize them in his column in the Atlanta Journal, as he has offered to do.

Three magazines that came in last year after the last WESLEYAN was published are interesting enough to be mentioned, even after they have collected the summer's dust.

The Distaff, from Florida State College for Women, always a good magazine, has a varied table of contents and some excellent poetry. These four sage lines are appealing:

Explanation

You have no God, they say, and lift
Their pious eyes to distant skies.
No God? They look too far to see
A heaven beneath their up-turned eyes.

Hazel Clark

Limestone College has a most unusual
makeup for The Lantern and a more

than unusual range of types of writing in its contents. The editorial "Would I Do It Again?" by Betty Evans is constructive and expresses a feeling common to editors of college publications, at least in this case it does.

The column, Grits and Bacon, is an innovation in literary publications and is clever.

The Corinthian, from Georgia State College for Women, has several good bits of description, and a poem that sounds typical of school girl poetry, that is, sentimental and a little naive.

To Marshall

Strangers we for many years
Not long ago we met,
Chattered for a little while
Of things I can't forget.

Friendships form a silver web
Around the whole earth's core.
Ours is a shining thread
A hundred miles or more.

C. J. K.



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